

APPEAL TO CHRISTIAN CHURCH

Made by Judge Taft In Behalf of the Filipinos.

"A Great Missionary Work That is Certain to Promote Christian Civilization."

The extension of a vitalizing Christianity among the Filipinos as advocated by Judge Taft both before his speech of acceptance of the nomination to the presidency and in that document itself has been widely commented upon in the pulpits of the United States. The voice of the clergy has given earnest commendation to the attitude of Judge Taft, who when governor general of the islands exerted the utmost influence for amelioration of the condition of the inhabitants of the archipelago, and that, too, at the cost of great self-sacrifice on his own part in refusing the seat on the supreme bench, to which he was both called and commanded by President Roosevelt.

Never since he first assumed the burden of the governorship of the Philippines has the welfare of the Filipinos ceased to be close to the heart of Judge Taft. In his speech of acceptance again he reminded the Americans that it is the duty of this country as a strong, Christian and enlightened nation to give spiritual as well as material aid to the distant brown brethren.

Taft's Appeal to Church.

Rev. Albert Hurlstone, pastor of Roberts Park church, Indianapolis, Ind., in a recent sermon thus spoke of Judge Taft's appeal to the Christian people of America:

"Mr. Taft used words of wisdom in referring to this question in his notification speech. His appeal is not only to his party, but it is to the Christian church of America. It seems to me that every man whose heart beats loyalty to Jesus Christ must rejoice in the statement so truthfully made. Mr. Taft said: 'We have established a government with effective and honest executive departments in the Philippines and a clean and fearless administration of justice; we have created and are maintaining a comprehensive school system which is educating the youth of the islands in English and in industrial branches; we have constructed great government public works, roads and harbors; we have induced the private construction of 800 miles of railroad; we have policed the islands so that their condition as to law and order is better now than it has ever been in their history.'

"Mr. Taft is better fitted to speak on this question than any other man in the government today by virtue of his close connection with the problem, his experience and personal observation of the work being done; hence what he says will be heeded by the Christian church with intense interest.

Influence of Christian Civilization.
"More than ten years before Dewey sailed into Manila, Bishop Thoburn, our missionary bishop for fifty years in India, predicted that ere long the missionary would find an open door in the Philippines, but God alone knew how the door was to be opened.

"Now we hear Mr. Taft saying: 'We are engaged in the Philippines in a great missionary work that does our nation honor and is certain to promote in a most effective way the influence of Christian civilization. It is cowardly to lay down the burden until our purpose is achieved.' True, nor do we believe that the American people will allow this to be done. The sacrifice has been made, the song of the redeemed people will ere long fill heaven and earth with gladness. The selfish are ever lonely and joyless, but they who bring the sacrifice to the altar will find the joy of the Lord arise within them."

"According to His Folly."

"Shall the people rule?" is declared by the Democratic platform and candidate to be the overshadowing issue now under discussion. It is no issue. Surely the people shall rule; surely the people have ruled; surely the people do rule. Thus Candidate Sherman replies to Candidate Bryan, and if the latter was looking for a straight answer he certainly got it. But those familiar with the mental processes of Mr. Bryan know that he would welcome no reply, but that his absurd question was asked to instill doubt in the minds of his more thoughtful followers.

Democratic Discouragement.

At the risk of calling down upon ourselves further execrations from a few of the faithful and fanatical we make bold to remark that the indifference of the South Carolina Democrats to the cause of Mr. Bryan seems to justify our prediction some months ago that the campaign would end with the Denver convention. We wish that we could be disillusioned; we wish that the Democrats of South Carolina and of the country would sharply rebuke us for saying that there was an absence of enthusiasm for Mr. Bryan.—Charleston News and Courier (Dem.).

Making or Keeping Promises.

The difference between Mr. Taft's promise of tariff revision and Mr. Bryan's pledges in the same direction is that Mr. Taft if elected will be in position to redeem his pledge, while Mr. Bryan if elected would be powerless to accomplish anything with a Republican senate arrayed against his free trade plans.—Omaha Bee.

The New Watch.

The young man drew forth a fine gold watch.

"Please regulate this," he said. "A birthday present, eh?" said the watchmaker. "Now, listen, and I'll give you some pointers about how to keep this watch in fine condition. Wind it in the morning instead of at night."

"At least once a year have it oiled. Remember that its balance swings 18,000 times a year, all on one little drop of oil. A wheelbarrow wouldn't stand such treatment. It would shriek for lubrication, but the small voice of the watch cannot be heard."

"After mending or cleaning examine your watch's screw heads and frames. If they are scratched the workman has been careless. He is a man to be avoided. Patronize him no more."

"Don't grumble if your mainspring breaks. This accident is due to some unknown condition of the weather. There are mainspring epidemics, like influenza ones. Just now such an epidemic is afoot. I have taken out sixty fractured mainsprings this week."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

He Got It.

He had the air of a man who was particularly well satisfied with himself.

"I tell you," he said, "there's nothing like having sickness in the family to convince a man that he can do a good many things that he never would have dared to attempt before. Now, today I am going to buy a gown for my little girl. Her mother can't get out, you know, and so I am going to do it myself."

On the day following he had the air of a man who was particularly dissatisfied with himself.

"What's the matter?" he was asked.

"Couldn't you get that gown?"

"Couldn't I get it?" he repeated.

"Couldn't I get it! Hang it all, the trouble is that I did get it!"

"Something wrong with it?"

"Something! If it was only something! I wouldn't mind. My taste is wrong, my judgment is wrong, the color is wrong, the size is wrong and the price is wrong."—Chicago Post.

Seeing Ourselves.

"The man who can pick out the best picture of himself is a rare bird," said a photographer. "Even an author, who is reputedly a poor judge of his own work, exercises vast wisdom in selecting his best book compared with the person who tries to choose his best photograph. Every famous man or woman who has been photographed repeatedly has his favorite picture. Usually it is the worst in the collection. It shows him with an unnatural expression sitting or standing in an unnatural attitude."

"The inability to judge of his best picture must be due to the average man's ignorance as to how he really looks, or perhaps it can be partly attributed to a desire to look other than he does. A stout man will swear that the photograph most nearly like him is one that makes him look thin, a thin man the one that makes him look stout. The solemn man selects the jolliest picture, the jovial man the most cadaverous."

On Again, Off Again.

A young New York artist who is almost as noted for his convivial tendencies as he is for his genius was recently asked by a friend:

"What does your wife think of these spells? I should think she would not submit to them."

"When I have a spree," confessed the intemperate one frankly, "she is just as good to me as any one possibly could be. She takes care of me and nurses me back to decency with a kindness that is superhuman—it is angelic and beyond belief."

"But once I am sober again she begins to nag me to promise her and swear to her that I never, never, never again will drink a drop, and she keeps at me so determinedly and so persistently that—by Jove—she makes me so desperate that I have to go and fill up again so I can forget it."

Her Name.

One needs patience to succeed as a teacher of the young, as this brief dialogue in one of our elementary schools may show:

Scholar—I've left home now, ma'am. I'm living with my auntie.

Teacher—What's her name?

"She's called after me—Fanny."

"Yes, but what's her other name?"

"She has no other."

"But what does the woman next door call her?"

"She doesn't speak to the woman next door."

A Hard Job.

"Didn't you say six months ago that if Miss Tipkins wouldn't marry you you would throw yourself into the deepest part of the sea? Now, Miss Tipkins married some one else three months ago and yet you haven't!"

"Oh, it's easy to talk, but let me tell you it is not such an easy matter to find the deepest part of the sea."

Substitutes.

Doctor—Have you given him the champagne and oysters, as I ordered? Patient's Wife—Well, no, sir, I couldn't afford that, so I got him some ginger beer and wheats instead. Do it matter, sir?—London Telegraph.

Reminders.

Counsel (to witness)—Now, allow me to remind you of what happened to Balaam. Witness—Certainly. But allow me to remind you that it was this ass that warned him.

Let us be of good cheer, remembering that the misfortunes hardest to bear are those which never come.—Lowell.

DENIES THAT BRYAN

"COULD DO NO HARM."

Congressman Burke Says Office of President is Infinitely More Powerful Than Congress.

Congressman James Francis Burke of Pittsburg in an address on "The Powers of the President" says:

"The American people can make no greater mistake than to elect Mr. Bryan on the assumption that he can do no harm in the face of an adverse senate. As between the executive and legislative departments of the government, the former has infinitely greater power to rule and ruin than the latter."

"Mr. Taft and Mr. Bryan are wholly different types of men. Each possesses a strong individual character, which would certainly assert itself in the White House. What either of these men would do during a four years' term in the White House is causing as much anxiety among thoughtful Americans as the mere matter of the election alone."

"As a disturber of money's peace the president is without a rival in the world. Through the agencies under his control he will this year disburse a billion dollars, showing the great things we are doing in addition to the unparalleled list of the world's achievements."

"In view of the fact that during the fifteen years of Bryan leadership the states controlled by his party have decreased from 23 to 12, the number of senators from 48 to 31, the number of representatives in congress from 220 to 104 and in that time the Democratic party was in control of the ground, whereas it is now, as a consequence of his teachings, a hopelessly heterogeneous mass of Populist elements, the American people can see little prospects of a constructive policy if Mr. Bryan should succeed."

Things Bryan Would Forget.

The most important, because the most curiously novel, feature of Mr. Bryan's address is his apothecosis of the party platform. A new doctrine of infallibility is embodied in these sentences at the very beginning of Mr. Bryan's speech:

"A platform is binding as to what it omits as well as to what it contains. A platform announces a party's position on the questions which are at issue, and an official is not at liberty to use the authority vested in him to urge personal views which have not been submitted to the voters for their approval."

It is natural that Mr. Bryan should disavow certain "omitted issues," such as free silver, government ownership of railroads, the initiative and referendum, attacks upon the courts and other theories which at times he sanctioned overhastily in the past. But he is unfortunate in his manner of expressing that disavowal.

A party platform is not political holy writ. The American people choose for president a man, not a clerk, to carry out the orders of a convention committee. A platform is not a prophetic code of conduct, but a summary of basic principles, to be altered, amended or enlarged according to the country's needs.—Philadelphia North American.

Union Labor Vote.

Hon. William H. Buchanan is one of the leading union men of western New York and in 1907 was the Democratic candidate for assemblyman in Chautauque county. This is what he has to say of the effort of Mr. Gompers to turn the labor vote over to Mr. Bryan: "I am a union labor man, and I want to say further that no man can carry the labor vote into the Democratic camp. I know how union labor men feel in this city, and three-fourths of them will stand by the Republican party because only in that way have they the assurance of freedom from the business disturbance that Mr. Bryan promises for at least four years if he can be elected. We workmen can't earn wages if statesmen are put in office to disturb business and make trouble."

Campaign Funds.

"We welcome Mr. Taft to this advanced ground," said Mr. Bryan in one of his numerous interviews since the Denver convention. The ground referred to is Mr. Taft's statement that no campaign contributions would be received from corporations. Mr. Bryan intended to convey the impression that Mr. Taft had come to that determination after the Denver convention. In that the Democratic "peerless one" is not honest. Mr. Taft is a law abiding citizen. Such contributions are unlawful, made so by a law passed by a Republican congress at the instance of a Republican administration of which Judge Taft was a part six months before the Denver convention. Be honest, Mr. Bryan, if you can!

Keeping In the Spotlight.

Candidate Chafin, having fallen into the water tank out west and having stopped half a brick with his person at Springfield, will, if he is going to keep in the limelight, have to lose his diamonds or do a back and wing with Mrs. Nation.—Minneapolis Journal.

Kernology.

It is said the Democratic vice presidential candidate is not a vegetarian after all. Kernivorous, eh? Help! Police!—New York Mail.

Not a Wail For Bryan.

"Let us have the worst," says the Brooklyn Eagle. That sounds like, though it isn't a declaration for Bryan.—New York Tribune.

Candidate Sherman has been presented with a loving cup. The next thing in order is to present Candidate Kern with a shaving cup.—Omaha Bee.

Stumping Competition.

That competition is at least the backbone if not the life of trade is illustrated by the big city department stores, especially those located in the same district, where rivalry runs high and the efforts to attract trade are studied with particular care in time of depression. That this same incentive for progress is not given to stores in the country may be one cause—or is it effect?—of the degeneration of some of our rural districts in the east. One of the heads of a prominent New York concern who spent a vacation in New England last summer went to the local "general store" to buy a few yards of a certain cloth.

"We don't keep it," said the storekeeper.

"Why not?" was the reply. "This is a staple. How can you get along without it?"

"Waah!" was the indifferent explanation. "We jest can't keep it. I laid in some a short spell ago, but it was bought out, and every time I've got some it only gets sold. There's no use trying to keep it here!"—System.

Too Particular.

The finical customer at the fish market pointed at a sign in the window with this inscription upon it: "Anjovias."

"What does that mean?" he asked.

"Anjovias," answered the proprietor. "are little fishes. Didn't ye never hear of 'em?"

"You mean anchovies, don't you?"

"Not unless you want to buy some, sir," sternly spoke the proprietor. "If a man wants to buy my fish he can call 'em what he darn please. When I'm puttin' up signs on my fish I'll call 'em what I darn please, and anybody who don't like 'em don't have to look at 'em, sir."

The finical customer muttered an apology and escaped further trouble by purchasing a dime's worth of smoked herring, a harmless, unassuming fish about whose name there could be no possible dispute.—Chicago Tribune.

The Elephant at Bay.

Twenty years of experience tells me that a whole regiment of lions cannot produce the same moral effect as one twelve foot African tusk when he cocks his big, sail-like ears, draws himself up to his full height and looks at you, letting off at the same time a blood curdling scream, while in all probability others invisible to you are stampeding on all sides with the din and vibration of an earthquake. Surrounded in a dense jungle by a herd of elephants, they seem to block out the whole horizon. One I measured was actually sixteen feet from edge of ear to edge of ear. No wonder my insignificant self seemed to shrivel and my huge express rifle to dwindle into a mere pea shooter. Try as I will on such occasions, I can never overcome my sense of terror and always feel inclined to throw down my elephant gun and run for safety till I drop.—W. G. Fitz-Gerald in Success Magazine.

The Too Faithful Dog.

A party of young Australians wanting a fish dinner filled a bottle with dynamite, attached a waterproof fuse and flung it into a pool in a creek. One of them had a retriever who had been taught to retrieve anything flung into the water, and the bottle had hardly touched the surface before Watch was after it. They yelled at him to leave it alone, but he paid no attention and soon was swimming shoreward with the blazing bomb in his mouth. The young men ran for their lives, and the poor beast, thinking it all a great joke, came galloping after. He was within twenty yards of the hindmost when there was a stunning crash. Two of the men were thrown down, though, fortunately, not badly hurt. But of the unfortunate dog hardly a trace was left.—Fry's Magazine.

The Strainer.

It was the first time she had ever used a telephone, and the drug clerk detected the fact by the nervous way in which she held the receiver.

"Dear me!" she exclaimed timidly. "Why are all those sivelelike holes in the mouthpiece?"

"They are there for a purpose," replied the drug clerk solemnly.

"What purpose?"

"Why, so you can strain your voice."

And she was so embarrassed she forgot the number she was to call up.

He Would Return.

"Fifty dollars is the price," said the magistrate, "and I hope, sir, never to see you here again."

"Never to see me here again? Why, you're not resigning, are you?"

And with a nonchalant laugh Tooring-Karr threw a crisp fifty dollar bill to the clerk, entered his waiting ninety horsepower racer and set out to break another speed law.—New York Press.

His Principal Occupation.

The art photographer had visited the farm. "I want to make an exhaustive study of this particular bit of landscape," he said, "and would like to have your hired man retain his present position on the fence there. Can he sit still?" "For days at a time," replied the farmer.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Not Paying For Meles.

"Yes, sir," said the druggist, "we have all sorts of porous plasters. What sort do you want?"

"Well—er—which kind has the fewest holes in it?" asked Stinjay. "I want to get my money's worth."

Nature teaches us to love our friends, but religion teaches us to love our enemies.—French Proverb.

That New Suit.

You are thinking of getting--if it's on the Fashion Plate--is here, ready to wear the moment you put it on.

You'll admire yourself and feel as though others admired you and they will, too. It doesn't take such an awful lot of money to dress well when you know where to trade. You may have a corps of tailors dancing at your attendance, but none of them can design for you prettier garments than these Fall Suits which we are now showing and pricing at \$10, \$12, \$14, \$16, \$17 and \$18. Something to suit every pocketbook and the very best on the market for the price. Your Suit desire can be readily satisfied here. Come; see.

Carson & Co

INCORPORATED.
Hartford, Ky.
The Clothiers.

Revealed.

An insurance agent was trying to induce a hard man to deal with to take out a policy on his house. After listening to him for an hour while he painted in vivid colors the extreme danger of fire consuming the house the hard man to deal with said:

"Do you really think it likely that my house will burn down within the time that the policy will run?"

"Certainly," replied the agent. "Have I not been trying all this time to convince you that I do?"

"Then," said the hard man to deal with, "why is your company so anxious to bet me money that it will not?"

"The agent was silent and thoughtful for a moment; then he drew the other apart into an unfrequented place and whispered in his ear:

"My friend, I will impart to you a dark secret. Years ago the company disgraced me before my sweetheart. Under an assumed name I have wormed myself into its service for revenge, and as there is a heaven above us I will have its heart's blood!"

Humiliating.

Champ Clark frequently visited Washington before his election to the house and thought he was pretty well known there. On one occasion, says the Washington Star, he came to the capital on business for a client. He was surprised and pleased to meet an old friend and townsman at the hotel Mr. Clark had selected for his stay.

"Well, well, if it isn't Brown!" exclaimed Mr. Clark. "I'm glad to see you. Is there anything I can do for you?"

Then Mr. Clark took his friend by the arm and marched him to the hotel desk, saying, "I can do you a good turn, anyhow."

"Clerk," added Mr. Clark when they had reached that functionary, "this is my friend Mr. Brown. I want you to treat him right. Let him have whatever he wants, and if he gets too extravagant and runs out of cash just charge it to me."

"Why, yes," said the clerk. "I know Mr. Brown very well, sir, but who are you?"

She Got His Name.

"Little boy," asked the new teacher, "what is your name?"

"I'll have to write it for you, miss," he said hesitatingly.

"Why? My hearing is quite good! Your name, boy?"

"I'd rather not tell you."

"Surely you can't be ashamed of it?"

"No, miss, but—"

"Then we will not waste any more time, if you please! I am waiting!"

The small boy's eyes rolled wildly in their sockets, and his face became contorted with pain as he began:

"Ku-kuk-kuk-kuk-kuk-kuk-Clarence! That's my first name, miss. But my other name is Pup-pup-pup-pup-Perkins! I never stutter 'cept when I'm speaking my name, and when I'm nagged like this I get a whole lot worse, miss."

A Race With the Sun.

An English magazine says that if an

serial machine were capable of traveling at any rate up to 1,000 miles an hour a traveler in it, starting westward from London at a speed of 600 miles an hour, would arrest the progress of time. If he started at 10 a. m., it would always be to him 10 a. m. Should he find his unending day monotonous he could reverse his direction and get a quick succession of short days and nights of some six hours' duration, but he could regulate the length by the speed of his machine. Suppose he traveled from London one night at 10 o'clock westward at a speed of 1,000 miles per hour. He would soon experience the sensation of seeing the sun rising in the west where it had set a short time before.

Noise.

Noise, at first cultivated in this land by the Indians, has reached its climax in the college yell. It is used at political conventions, at christenings and at women's clubs. No monument was necessary for the man who first invented noise. His work lives after him.

Noise is used by cities, which have the first call for it. They split it up into as many sounds as possible and divide it among all.

Noise varies in its volume and intensity, from embryonic and immature sawmill to a baby crying in the night.—Life.

Its Origin.

"So you don't believe in the story of Jonah and the whale?"

"No," answered Mr. Meekton thoughtfully.

"How do you suppose it originated?"

"Well, I suppose Jonah had been away from home for some time and had to tell his wife something."—Kansas City Newsbook.

His Only Want.

Billionaire's Daughter—You wrong him, papa. He does not love me for my money. He scoffs at the world's sordid eagerness for wealth. Papa—What proof have you, child? Billionaire's Daughter—Why, only last night he told me he didn't care if he was never able to make a penny in his life if he only had me.

New York City.

In 1885 New York had only twenty-eight millionaires; now it has over 2,000.

About 45,000 marriages are solemnized every year, one in every eleven minutes.

Over 478,000,000 gallons of water are used every day in Greater New York. There are 112 theaters and two grand opera houses, seating about 110,000 people.

A child is born every four minutes and a death occurs every seven minutes in New York city.—Success Magazine.

CASTORIA.

The Kind You Have Always Bought
Bears the Signature of
Charles H. Peterson